

PHILLIPSBURG HERALD.

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\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Why You should trade with C. M. COLE.

BECAUSE you get your money's worth. Good, honest values at small profits make big sellings. We do not lay claim to the fact that we buy our goods cheaper than any other merchant in Phillipsburg—that would be a prevarication—every one knows that money is of equal value in this country. What we do claim and what we intend to show YOU, is that the smaller the profit, the larger and quicker the sales, the larger our acquaintance becomes.

We want to make friends, we want you to become one of our friends, we want your trade, and if we stick strictly to these methods we will get it. Ever since the first day we started in business about six years ago, we have steadily increased our trade and we shall endeavor to so merit your trade that we can keep on growing until some day in the not very distant future we can have a store that our patrons can point to with pride and say, "there is the largest store in town and a store where you can get courteous treatment." With your help and "Good honest values at small profits" as our guiding star we will attain that end.

Our fall and winter goods are beginning to arrive. A fine line of boots and shoes just received; come in and we can fit you. I most heartily thank my old friends and customers who have so faithfully stood by me in the past and courteously invite you and all your friends when you come to town to come in and trade with me and I will try and do you good.

PHONE NO. 15.

C. M. COLE.

DEATH OF W. T. COWAN.

Phillips County's Sheriff and Highly Respected Citizen Dies After A Brief Illness of Two Days.

Last Friday evening at 10 o'clock Sheriff W. T. Cowan died at his home in our city after an illness of only two days. On Saturday morning the sad news spread over the city, and soon the court house flag at half mast and the draped buildings proclaimed to all our sore affliction.

Mr. Cowan had been almost an invalid for nearly two years, but was thought to be much better lately. The news of his death therefore came as a severe shock to the community. The immediate cause of his death was an acute renewal of his old trouble of intestinal and bladder disease. Undertaker James Woods took charge of the body and prepared the same for burial.

The funeral was held from the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and was conducted under the auspices of the Sweet Brier Camp No. 546 M. W. A., assisted by members from Marvin and Logan camps, and Phillipsburg Lodge No. 113, K. of P. Mr. Cowan being a member of both orders. Rev. G. I. Ranck of Osborne, former pastor of the M. E. church in this city, conducted the religious services, preaching the funeral sermon from John 11:26. He was assisted by Rev. Shockey of the Presbyterian church and Rev. Smith of the M. E. church.

The choir consisting of Misses Nipps, Pratt, Mann, Mrs. Hageman, Messrs. Driggs, Mann, Bower and McCormick, with Miss Ethel Lovell organist, rendered sweet music for the sad and solemn occasion.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather an unusually large concourse of people gathered at the church and marched or drove to the cemetery to pay the last tribute to a well-known and highly respected fellow citizen.

At the grave the beautiful and impressive ritualistic ceremonies of the Woodmen and Knights of Pythias lodges were performed. About one hundred and fifty members of the Woodmen and Knights of Pythias lodges marched in procession from their halls to the church and from thence to the cemetery. The pallbearers were: Frank Strain, W. H. Pratt, W. N. McIlvain, John Thomas, L. E. Conynrasm and W. W. Reynolds, who are all members of Sweet Brier camp, and at the same time county officials or deputies. Representatives from nearly all the Woodmen camps in the county were

present at the funeral services.

William T. Cowan was born in eastern Ohio March 22, 1855. His parents removed to Pennsylvania when he was very small, where they lived until the war broke out. His father enlisted and was wounded in battle, dying shortly afterward. Mr. Cowan was taken to the Soldier's Orphan's Home in Dayton, Armstrong county, Pa., where he remained until he was sixteen years of age, receiving there his education. He learned the trade of blacksmithing also in Dayton and worked at it there until about 1875, when he emigrated to Prairie City, Jasper county, Iowa. He came to Phillips county, Kansas, in March, 1879, locating in Phillipsburg, where he opened a shop and worked at his trade.

In 1895 he was nominated and elected to the office of Sheriff of Phillips county and was re-elected in 1897. He served the people faithfully in that capacity until his death.

He was married April 24, 1881, to Miss Minnie Bailey who survives him. They have three children, all of whom are living.

He leaves one brother, John Cowan of Kansas City, who was here in attendance at the funeral, and a sister, Mrs. Emma Womeldorf, of Pennsylvania, also a half brother and sister in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaney of Lincoln, Neb., Mrs. Phil Smith, Messrs. Frank and Dave Bailey and Miss Gertrude Bailey of Norton county, Mrs. Cowan's brothers and sisters, were present at the funeral, and Messdames Blaney and Smith still remain with Mrs. Cowan.

The sudden death of Mr. Cowan cast a gloom over the entire community and the earnest sympathy of the people of the entire county goes out to the sorrowing family and relatives in their great bereavement.

—Miss Eunice Killebrew, of Long Island, has resumed her position at Ben Barrett's restaurant and bakery.

—J. L. Seavey has purchased the Morgan Baker house now occupied by Dr. Raffington. He will take possession November 1st.

—The Republicans of this township met in the court house last Saturday afternoon and nominated candidates for township officers as follows: Trustee, H. S. Poling; Clerk, J. M. Hatfield; Treasurer, W. D. Granger; Justice of the Peace (to fill unexpired term), Walter Green; Constables, C. J. Fleming and Dempsey Smith.

NOTICE.

For Smoked and Salt Meats, Bologna etc., go to McKay Bros.

Another Typographical Error, Eh?

Our populist friends claim that the tariff is responsible for the trouble in this country, apparently forgetting that free trade England has double the number of trusts that the United States has.—Dispatch, Sept. 21.

Mr. YERTON who intends to get the democratic vote in this county, ought to carry Roosevelt's Ohio speech with him as a campaign document. The New York governor calls the democrats dough-faces and copperheads. The word traitor is also applied to them in nearly every paragraph. Wonder if Mr. Yerton endorses Roosevelt's ideas about democrats and only loves them for their votes?

The democrats of Phillips county held a mass convention in this city last Friday. The meeting was extensively advertised yet the republican editors of this city did not extend the democrats the courtesy to attend and write up their proceedings. One of the editors probably stayed away because he did all in his power to prevent the convention from failing, and therefore was too humiliated to attend.

The Phillips county boss ran up against a snag a few days ago. He approached Elmer Dye and began to tell him what "wonderfully good fellows the democrats are, if they just only won't fuse," when Mr. Dye promptly checked him with the information that it takes democrats to talk democracy, and not republicans would be bosses like himself. Said Mr. Dye: "If you wish to retain the friendship of honest democrats you had better let out this job of trying to run both the republican and democratic parties." Royce subsided.

His Life Was Saved.
Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with typhoid fever that ran into pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak that I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected soon to die with consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and am now well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Geo. James & Co.'s drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Notice.

I will open a meat market first door south of George James' drug store on Saturday, Sept. 30, and will be pleased to receive a share of your patronage. T. G. HOCKETT.

Salary originally meant the amount of salt given to a Roman soldier with his rations. Now it signifies the amount of money paid a Norton county officer for being a republican.—Champion.

The millenium is here with headquarters at Norton, or at least some one who has found an umbrella advertises for an owner in the Champion. Possibly Conway can't use the thing, as it is "a nice, white silk one."

The republican party of this county condemns pension commissioner Evans, and declares him to be a traitor to the old soldiers and a disgrace to the office he holds; but at the same time said party claims to heartily endorse the administration which placed Mr. Evans in office and keeps him there. This is something like endorsing a skunk, but condemning its odor.—Better Way.

When a wounded soldier comes home from the Philippines and expresses his belief that the administration did wrong in buying the Islands from the Spanish and that the Filipinos should be given freedom, imperialistic papers say, "he takes a gloomy view of the situation." If a civilian makes that kind of a statement he is simply a "copperhead" and "Agnalidist."—Leroy Reporter.

By the action of Auditor Cole and Gov. W. Eugene the insurance companies have got just what they wanted. There'll be no more examinations and the companies can make such reports as they see fit, and Mr. Church can draw his salary. If an examination shall be found necessary, the state, instead of the insurance companies, would have to foot the bill, according to Mr. Godard's "opinion." Honest Injun, now, don't you really wish McNall was in that office poking up those delinquent companies with a forked stick?—W. F. Bash.

Speaking about the Filipinos, Thos. B. Reed of Maine says: "I do not know how long it will be before the American people get tired of spending \$50,000,000 a year trying to conquer these people, but it does not seem to me it will be very long. I can conceive that Freedom is just as dear to them as it is to us, and they will fight for it just as long." For expressing such sentiments the Chicago Times-Herald, an administration organ, says, these words "show how impossible it was that Mr. Reed should continue to be a republican party leader." If a man allows his judgment to be moved by such sentimental ideas as liberty, freedom, humanity, he is not fit for a party leader in the republican party. No man can be recognized by that party who allows himself to be influenced by other than purely mercenary motives. Dollars and cents are to be considered first, dollars and cents for the commercial world.—Ex

During the last thirty months the republican party has had, and still has, complete and full control of every branch of the general government. No party ever had, or could, by any possible means, have a better opportunity to show their actual position on any and all questions. The last thirty months, during which said party has been in uninterrupted control, has produced more trusts than any similar period in the nation's history. In the face of these undisputed and indisputable facts, how much faith can the republican party of this county expect intelligent men to have in their anti-trust resolution? Look at this, and confess the truth, if you are an honest man. When McKinley ran for president every trust, and corporation in the United States were his ardent supporters. All the great money centers of the world rejoiced at his election. He became president and a republican congress took its seat. Immediately trusts began to multiply at such a rate that people of all parties became alarmed. Now these same fellows who helped the trusts to elect the president of their choice, swagger to the front, resolve against trusts, and ask the people to trust to them to destroy the natural, legitimate and unavoidable result of their governmental policy.—Better Way.

The Heel Fly.

Reprinted by request.

Abilene, Texas.

Editor Stock and Farm Journal:

The heelfly is ripe and abroad in the land. How I come to know this so well, I was sitting on the front "veranda de porch" of my spacious "dugout" the other evening, not thinking of anything in particular but "kinder" chewing my "end" of "six inches for ten cents," and wondering what an old cow of the half brindle, half Durham family, standing in the shadow of the Presbyterian church, was thinking about. She, like the writer, was chewing her "end" and looking with a sad expression about her eyes down Chestnut street as Bill Spriggins' delivery wagon went by hauling a peck of Irish "taters" and a box of safety matches out to Bill Brown's place, corner of Chestnut and 154th street, south. She looked as if dressed for warm weather, or a long race. Anyway, she had on the usual coat of long hair brought over from the winter campaign, while the balance of her wardrobe consisted of horns, hoofs, hide, long tail, etc., and as she stood there she seemed to possess only vitality enough to wag her jaw, tilt her ears forward as she saw Bill Spriggins' wagon go by, but how painfully little we know of the great reservoir of force, heat and "get up and get out of the way children for I am coming," there is to an old cow, when the heelfly touches her between hoof and hair. All at once her jaw became as still as that of the sleeping dead, a "hydrafohy" glare shot from her eyes, her tail went up at angle of 45 degrees, and she lit out on a dead run down East Third street for the cool, limped waters of Cedar Creek, and having lived in Texas for one hundred and fifty years, I knew at once that a heelfly was toying with her heels. She is now standing in water near the ice factory, looking as knowing as a lead yoke of cattle or a city girl at a country dance, and in her glory we leave her, and turn our attention to the matter of enlightening the uneducated on the origin and peculiar characteristics of the heelfly.

Many well informed and good meaning people, and fairly correct historians on other and common-place and less scientific matters, have held that the heelfly is purely an American bug, and indeed, Governor Roberts staked his reputation upon its being purely a Texas production. The same opinion is held by ex-Gov. Hogg, Col. Peter Smith of Fort Worth, Frank Holland of the Texas Farm and Ranch, but I have not heard how Gov. Culbertson and Stump Ashby stand on the question, but all the others referred to are more than bold in the assertion of the opinion that the heelfly is the fruit of a legal union between a streak of lightning and a Mexican pepper, after a night out with the boys on "muscale." Anyway the native heat about its business end can cause an old cow to make a figure nine out of her tail and get on a move that is astonishing.

Now for a few words as to the true history of the heelfly and the subject will be left somewhere in the precincts of where I found it. I have gone clear down the line of ancient history consulting all the "horn books" and that it was a citizens long before Cortez and Pizarro were born is evidenced by the fact that Mexican cattle, when they land in Texas, never mistake the hum of the heelfly for that of the domestic bumble bee. That it was common in Egypt during the reign of the Ptolemies, is clear, from the figure cut in solid stone, and that a strong force of them went out with Moses and his people into the wilderness is equally true. They however, changed the name and called it the flying fiery serpent, and so on, all the way down the line to Noah and, but at the ark, the line is cut, for all agree that if Noah had have had any heelflies on board, his assortment of Durhams, white faces, Poland Chinas, long-eared mules, "Dogies," Mexicans and Texas long horns would not have tallied out satisfactorily at the end of a 40-days cruise.

The heelfly is about the size of a honey bee, but it don't make any honey. He dresses in a common grey suit and doubtless carries more "had-

es fire" under his shirt than anything of his size yet discovered. In shape he is something like the bussy bug, or a larger beer Dutchman, who has to cross his "galluses" in front and rear to keep his pants up. The commonest kind of a man can tell when spring is coming just over the hill by watching the old cow while she watches the heelfly. Therefore the heelfly is the harbinger of spring, flowers, young calves, straw hats, sun-bonnets and pretty girls.

R. M. COLLINS

DON'T BE IMPOSED UPON.

Always insist on getting Foley's Honey and Tar, as it is positively absolutely and unqualifiedly the best cough medicine. Accept no substitute. J. L. McCormick.

Democratic Convention.

The democrats of Phillips county held a mass convention in the dental office of Dr. Raffington in this city last Friday and placed a ticket in nomination.

The convention was called to order by Dr. Raffington and the call read after which the organization was effected by the election of Dr. Raffington as chairman and Elmer Dye of Logan secretary. Speeches were made by a number of democrats present among which were Fred Clark of Kirwin, John Engert and D. D. Hill of Logan, R. A. Handy and C. M. Cole of Phillipsburg, and Boyd Cope of Sumner.

On motion it was decided to place a ticket in the field and to nominate it in the following order: Treasurer, clerk, sheriff, register of deeds, surveyor, coroner and commissioner of the first district.

Nominations were then made as follows: Treasurer, Thomas Dye of Logan township; clerk, W. C. Ross of Plainville; sheriff, D. F. Young of Long Island; register of deeds, T. L. Cook of Phillipsburg; surveyor W. H. Gray of Kirwin; coroner, Dr. A. D. Raffington of Phillipsburg; commissioner first district, M. S. King of Bow Creek.

A county central committee was chosen as follows: C. P. Barber, Elmer Dye, Boyd Cope, M. D. Norris, C. M. Cole and W. M. Whitson.

On motion convention adjourned.

YOU CANNOT

detect the bad odor coming from your own nose or head if you have catarrh but your wife or friends can. Do not disgust and lose your friends by such a horrible smell coming from your nose and head. Use Bunsen's cream catarrhal. Guaranteed to cure. Samples free. Sold by Fisher or McCormick.

—S. M. McFall, one of the most prominent farmers of Freedom township, came to this county with his family in 1880, with only two horses, wagon and three cows. The two succeeding years were crop failures, and they left him in rather straitened circumstances. Just as he was getting on his feet nicely and had bought the northwest quarter of Sec. 36 the I. X. L. Windmill Company came along and swindled a number of farmers. Mr. McFall was one of the victims. In order to pay this debt and the expenses of the law suit he was compelled to mortgage his farm. Subsequent crop failures, the burning of his threshing machine, and other misfortunes came thick and fast and prevented of his paying of the mortgage. But last Tuesday Mr. McFall came in and paid up, and took the mortgage home with him, feeling justly proud of the hard labor and excellent management for the past two years of good crops which enables him to own one of the best quarter sections in Phillips county.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electro Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Geo. James Co's drug store.